THAT GIRL of JOHNSON'S

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CHAPTER XXI .- Continued. Dolores' heart was so sick, everything was so dark for the moment she could not see or think clearly, but she remembered with stinging distinct-

"What shall I do?" she cried, "what shall I do? If he should die-if he should die before I have asked him to forgive me I cannot live—I could not live, I tell you, and let him die believ-

We will be in time, dear," he said, quietly, and she did not question it, scarcely heard the more kindly name. though the horror somehow fell away despair mingled with an indefinite

hope rested upon her.
Not another word was uttered until they were standing at the door of the hospital. Dolores asked brokenly as she clung to his arm, unable to stand

alone for the moment: "You are sure-sure we are-in time?"

"Yes," said the young man gravely. and with steady assurance in his voice. "Yes, Dolores. Be brave as you always are, and all will be well."

And as Dr. Dunwiddie held her hand for a moment, putting new strength into her fingers from his stendy clasp, he said, cheerily:

"I am glad you are here, Miss Johnson. We will need you in the morning, but you can do nothing now and would only tire yourself to no use. We will call you when it is meces-

"But I cannot sleep-I cannot rest until I have seen my father, Dr. Dunwiddle. May I not at least speak to blm?"

Your father is quiet and in a half doze; should you see him now be would be too weak to talk to you, and it would be worse than useless."

Dolores did not think of resting or sleeping with the great weight of her injustice to her father upon her mind, but the woman who entered with them at the orders of the doctor to see that the girl should rest quietly, removed her things and induced her to lie down for a moment any way, and she slept until a light tepping on her door awoke her.

She answered the rap, a tremor in her voice, her thoughts confused and unable at first to comprehend where she was or why she was there, until the voice on the other side of the door told her to go to room 37 as soon as she was ready, and she realized what

When she entered No. 37. Dr. Dunwiddle turned to her, as she approached with a quiet greeting.

"We think he wishes to see you, Miss Johnson," he said. "Speak to

She leaned over the bed with wonderful self-control: the hollow face among the pillows was palled with the dews of death upon it; the coarse, scant hair, strayed on the pillow, Instinctively she touched it half timidly with her fingers, speaking faintly to

"Father," she said. "Father!" He muttered something unintelligible without opening his eyes, her up and opened wide his eyes-brilliant the bedside, to where young Green was standing near the window away

"Ded ye get ther water?" he whispered, hoarsely. "Were ther gal thar?" Then he sank back muttering: "D'lores—D'lores? Why, she's jest D'lores—that's all."

from the others.

Then, his voice rising above the hoarse, weak whisper, he called clearly with a new tone in it the name Dolores had never before heard from him-the name of her mother.

"I'm a rough ole feller, Mary," the weak, broken voice muttered faintly. "I dedn't mean ter make ye cry. I told ye I warn't good 'nough fer ye.' Dr. Dunwiddie was standing beside



were fastened upon her face, spellbound, as were the tender eyes of her friend at the window-as were the eyes of every one for the time in the

"Et's a gal!" he muttered, weakly, his voice falling. "I sed most likely et'd be a gal. Jest my luck. Ef't hed been a boy, now. But ef ever thet young feller kems around hyar a-puttin' notions inter her head—yes, she's purty 'nough, Mary, an' I don't blame ye, so don't cry; only et's my cursed

luck thet-she-wa'n't a boy-The muttering ceased; the weak The muttering ceased; the work voice tank into silence; a faint grap stirred the white lips, and the hollow eyes opened for an instant, all the light gone from them, and rested on the face above him; then a strange, half-livid pallor spread ever his face and Dr. Dunwiddle draw the stringently from the bedsifie over to the open window. He poured out a management of the pour of of

wine from a glass on a stand near and pressed it to her lins. "Drink it," he said sternly, and she

obeyed him mechanically. Young Green came and stood at the back of her chair, as though to shield her from any more of life's strain, aty more of the sadness that had followed her, nay, even to death. His friend, seeing the expression of his face, laid his hand gently on his arm in sudden comforting. But Dolores' hands lay in her lap like two hands of ice. She herself seemed turning into ice with no power of feeling or thought or wish. She seemed to herself in a from her heart and a silence and full strange half sense to have died when her father died.

CHAPTER XXII.

But Life Went On.

Her father was dead; she knew it; she accepted it in silence after the first wild return to the realization of what had come upon her. Only once, when she was alone with young Green. while they were making preparations to convey the body home, did she show any sign of emotion. She was



"How can he know?"

standing at the little window in thefr parlor looking out upon the busy street. Dora, who had come to her upon receiving the telegram of her uncle's death, was in the inner room with Mrs. Allen and the doctors and one or two of the attendants.

Her father was dead-dead. Never before had she seen death. She knew absolutely nothing about any other life, about anything beyond the days that passed much alike to her-or had passed much alike to her until these friends came into her life. Heaven was where the stars were; her astronomy told her of God, an infinite Being, all powerful, all merciful; the Creator of all things, but farther than

that she knew nothing. Thought crowded upon thought vet with a distinctness mingled with those strange half intelligible words of the past, that was intense suffering to her. She was in a half stupor, with her brain so active that it was wearing away her very life. Dr. Dunvoice seeming to reach him even in | widdle said that she must be aroused: his stupor. Then suddenly he started | she must be brought out of this state; and looked past the girl and those at | could not go on like this. For a year now she had been in this strained state of feeling. He turned to Dora in this time of need. She was not the pale girl who arrived at the mountain a year before; her face had filled out; her cheeks no longer bore the hectic flush, but held the soft color of advancing health, while her eyes had lost their strained look of suffering. Dr. Dunwiddie called her over to him by the window that morning and

she went to him obediently. "Something must be done for your cousin," he said gravely. "She is in such a state of half consciousness, her senses dulled by too much strain upon them that she is in danger of losing her mind. Go to her. You are a woman, and will know what to do."

"But I don't know what to do," she said as gravely as he had spoken. "Dr. Dunwiddie, Lorie is so different from other girls. I don't know what to say when she is like that."

"It sounds cruel." he said. "Miss Dora, but it is the only thing that can be done, and is true kindness.

"You are always kind," she said softly, and the soft eyes lifted to his were womanly eyes, and the tender, drooping face was a sweet face to him. "We will take her away from here as soon-as-all is over. We return to New York next week, Dr. Dunwiddle. There is so much there to take her mind from these things; the change will be good-better than anything else, will it not?"

"You are going-so soon?" he said, and the grave voice proved the inward control of the tumuit in his heart. Dora-Dora, will you leave me with no promise, no word of kindness, no hope that I may see you again, have you-love you? You are very kind to every one, Dora Johnson, out of the pure sweetness of your neart-be kind to me and tell me of some kindly

thought." They had forgotten for the moment the girl in the other room. Dora's hands were close in his. Dora's tender face was lifted up to his with a half shy aweetness upon it. Dora's lips were whispering something, he scarcely knew what, only knew that Dora was giving to him the tender, sweet womanly heart with its purity and truth-giving this into his keeping to be held, thank God, through all their lives as the sacred thing it was a

woman's tender heart.

Then, by and by—only a minute it might be, yet with a life's change to them—Dura drew away her soft, warm hands, and a new expression was on the sweet face, lifted with its featful area to the face above for.

even now."

"Always my thoughtful, tender girl," he said, and the low spoken words brought the deeper color to the smooth cheeks and a gleam of happy light in the lifted gray eyes.

She drew away from him and crossed the room to the door of the inner room, her heart beating rapturously in spite of the sadness that would come at thought of the sadness of the nobler girl in that still, empty room But in the doorway she passed and every thought left herevery thought save of the girl she had come to comfort, the brave, noble, true girl who had suffered so much and so long alone.

Young Green had just entered the room from the hall. There had been something in his manner lately that won Dora's deepest respect. lightness that had made him such a jolly comrade had given place w a quiet humor that made bim a charming companion. She had guessed, watching him, interested in him, loving Dolores as she loved her-she guessed of the thought he had for her, and she honored him loving such a girl as this grave cousin of hers, this girl so slightingly spoken of among her own neighbors because of her utter height above them, this girl whom her father had hated with his narrow hatred, this girl the personification of womanliness and truth and purity.

Dolores turned from the window at his approach, and a sudden sharp sense of everything that had gone, everything that must come in the future, struck her like a knife. She turned to him with a bitter cry, hold-

ing out her hands as though for help: "He is dead!" she cried, and the watching girl in the doorway felt the hot tears rush to her eyes at sound of the agonizing voice and the agaony on the lifted pallid face. "He is dead, and he does not know I am sorryhe can never know now."

He took her hands in his, and held them close and warm in his strong clasp; his eyes were only full of a great tenderness and love and longing to comfort her; nis voice was tender as a woman's when he spoke.

"I think he does know, Dolores. I believe he does know. 'To whom much is given much shall be required." Therefore, to whom less is given less shall be required. I believe he does know and has forgiven you-and me."

"How can he know?" she cried, and Dora's hand went out to the strong hand near her for strength, watching the lifted icy face before her, never thinking of her eavesdropping, forgetting everything but the agony of the "How can be know when he is dead? When he died before I could tell him-before he could forgive me? Don't you know that my father is dead?"

(To be continued.)

Charles Dickens Settlement. Rev. W. H. Longsdon, vicar of St. Michael's borough, London, is looking

"Charles Dickens Settlement," in that parish. The qualification is a gift of Lant street, in which the Church of St. Michael is situated, is where a back attic was taken for little Charles during his "blacking" days, and where years afterward Bob Sawyer lodged. Mr. Longsdon has recently, with the aid of some friends, secured the freehold of a block c. houses and stables, with a large warehouse behind. The houses have been turned into a mission house, boys' club, vicarage, etc., and it is the warehouse which Mr. Longsdon proposes to utilize for the "Charles Dickens Setshe must be moved to tears, or to the tear could secure some utterance of her grief. She the \$25,000 required to start the settlement." If the vicar could secure tlement, he would be able to divide the warehouse into rooms for class teaching, clubs, gymnasium, entertainment hall and reading rooms, etc., for both sexes, while the top floor could be used for bedrooms for young students and others who would come down to the settlement as helpers.

The Kaiser and Art.

The Kaiser's latest role is that of champion of the printers whose pictures have been rejected by the management of the annual German art exhibition. Out of 3.000 pictures offered only 600 have been accepted, and it is alleged that the selections are due to favoritism and improper influences. It is stated that the modern impressionist school is favored at the expense of the other styles.

The painters of the 2,400 rejected pictures laid their grievances before the Emperor, and it appears that their protest has been successful. A high official in the Ministry of Education, Privy Councilor Mueiler, who is chiefly responsible for the management of the art exhibition, has quitted his post. It is understood the change is due directly to the Emperor's initiative. It is probable that next year the Emperor intends to participate personally in the selection of pictures, when the impressionists, whom he abbors, will secure less prominence.

She Could Have Her Way.

James Lane Allen tells the story of an old bachelor living in Kentucky, who having determined to get mar ried, sought the advice of a married' friend on this serious step. He spoke of his farm and money and the ma terial advantages of a union with the lady of his choice, but sentiment seemed to have no place in his consideration. After listening carefully to what he had to say on the subject, he married friend asked:

"What if your tastes differed greatly? Suppose, for instance, that she liked Tennyson, and you didn't?"

"Well," responded the bachelor, "under those circumstances, I suppose she could go there."-New York York

What They Do. "Do you think the so-called man!y art, as exemplified by prize fighting, is of any real benefit?" Certainly. Prize fights serve to

THE NEWS RESUME.

Being a Condensed Story of the News of the Week.

An arbitration treaty between Italy

and France is signed at Paris. Thieves steal a collection of sermons

from a preacher at Houston, Tex. Hiram W. Beckwith, law partner of Abraham Lincoln, died in Chicago. The new French battleship, Patrie,

came near sinking when launched. The Argentine Republic has sold two men-of-war through a London agency, The Bondelzwarts tribes in German Southwest Africa have risen in revolt.

A steel plant at Joliet was destroyed by fire, entailing a loss estimated at Paris is little excited by the decision

in the Dreyfus case. Dreyfus refuses General MacArthur returns from his tour of inspection of the Hawaiian

Islands. the benefit of workmen injured in the steel plants.

The Salvation Army at New York furnishes Christmas dinners to 20,000 poor persons.

Russia orders millions of pounds of beef and other war supplies from Chicago packers. France will buy of Italy the old home

of the Bourbons, the family of the late King of Naples. Thirty-eight persons were killed and 124 injured in seventeen Pennsylvania

collieries last year. Charles Brown, a bridegroom of one day, is stabbed to death in a saloon

fight at Pineville, Mo. A sharp earthquake is felt at Los Angeles, Cal., where citizens at first

think it is an explosion. Bert Barron, 17 years old, killed his father while protecting his mother from assault at Joplin, Mo.

The Acre treaty between Bolivia and Brazil is ratified by the Bollvian Congress by a vote of 41 to 11.

More than \$134,000,000 will be distributed in dividends and interest in New York City in January.

The infant son of C. Oliver Iselin receives a gift of \$1,000,000 from his grandfather at the christening.

The cruiser Olympia has been ordered to Cartagena to convey United States Minister Beaupre to Colon. A movement is on foot to beautify

London with boulevards similar to those which are the fame of Paris. The Mayor of Council Bluffs, Iowa, is accused of protecting gamblers in

his city, at a stated sum per month. The New York Department of Labor reports an increase in membership and

number of unions during last year. The leaning tower of Garisenda at Bologna has been sold to Baron Fran-

chetti, who is prominent as a composer. Foreign diplomats are making every effort to ascertain what course the United States will pursue in the event of war in the far East.

A duel was fought in Paris over the Dreyfus case. One man was wounded, and, contrary to all tradition, the opponents are still unreconciled. The exports of the United States dur-

ing the year just closing show substantial gains in all the great groups under which satisfies are classified. Fire in the laboratory of the Geological Survey destroyed valuable maps

and chemicals. The topographical maps of the Worla's Fair were saved. Mrs. Anna N. Spence of Alexander New York in 1796. It is said to be the

oldest book of its kind in the United

States. James Gillespie is held without ball on the charge of murdering his twin sister. The three other persons involved are released on bond at Rising

Sun, Ind. W. J. Bryan has bought the Bryan homestead at Salem, Ill. The purchase is a sentimental one, Col. Bryan stating that he will continue to reside in

Nebraska. The relatives of Joseph and Louis Choisser of Equality, Ill., desire an investigation of the killing at Los Angeles, in which both the Choissers lost their lives.

Russia is to use sterner measures in Finland in order to overcome the obstructive tactics of certain officials and school teachers to proposed governmental changes.

Attorney General Hamlin of Illinois rules that Coles County, on account of the tangled condition of its finances, shall iscue no more jury warrants until next September.

Gov. Taft's tentative arrangements for the purchase of the friars' lands in the Philippines have been approved. The price to be paid for the 391,000

acres 1s \$7,239,784. A blizzard swept over the Upper Mississippi Vailey last week, bringing misery to the homes of thousands of the Traffic was sorely impeded in localities, and miles of telegraph and telephone wires are down.

Fire in the large department store of B. Lowenstein & Bro., at Memphis, Tenn., does damage estimated at from \$100,000 to \$150,000

President Eylar of the Manhattan Coal Co. files a bill in the Circuit Court at Bloomington, Ill., requesting that a receiver be appointed. The head-on collision of two Pere

Marquette trains in Michigan proves to be one of the most tragic and appalling in history. The operator whose station was passed when a stop should have been made says that the blizzard blew out the red signal light. An organization of manufacturers of

patent medicines hopes to stop the cutting in prices by druggists and depart ment stores. Dowie declares the Messiah will re-

turn to the earth next century to reign 1,000 years, and that he (Dewie)) will return with him.

William B. Smith, the New York baker who recently inherited part of the fortune of his electr, the late after Charles L. Fair, was mysteriously missing from his New York home, but was based in Demon. Efter the makes had

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Objects of

the Order. The purpose of this organization is to unite in a Fraternal body all white male persons of good moral character; between the ages of 18 and 50 years, who can pass the necessary medical ex-amination, and who are not engaged in hazardous occupations.

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The members of the Order are united into Lecal Assemblies, and are governed by a Supreme Assembly of 26 members elected by all the members of the Order every four years. The laws enacted by the Supreme Assembly are applied by the Supreme Executive Committee consisting of the six Supreme Officers of the Order, and by a Supreme Auditing Committee of three representative business men.

Plan of Operation.

The amount of money the beneficiaries of a member receive at his death depends upon the period of membership. If death occurs during the first year of membership the Order pays \$200 on each \$1000 named in the beneficiary certificate; if death occurs during the second year the payment is \$400 on each \$1000; if death occurs during the third year the payment is \$600 on each \$1000; if death occurs during the fourth year the payment is \$500 on each \$1000; but if death does not occur until the fifth or later year of membership the Order pays, not only the full face of the certificate, but in addition thereto all assessments paid thereon, less \$150 for each \$1000 named in the certificate. The amount of money the beneficiaries of a

Application of Assess ments.

Out of every monthly assessment paid by each member, 86% per cent. thereof is applied to maintaining the Order and paying death losses. The full and prompt payment of every death claim is guaranteed by the Reserve Fund of the Order. The Reserve Fund is created, first, by 13½ per cent. of each and every assessment paid by every member; second, by all deductions from the certificates of members whose deaths occur after more than four full years of mem-

bership. The double stream of revenue flowing into this fund creates a percentage of Reserve not surpassed by any Fraternal Order in Ritual

It is the aim of the Order to afford its mem-bers an equitable, business-like, and economical plan of protection, founded upon the past experience of the life insurance world. But it is

at the same time a social organization. It has a beautiful Ritualistic work that is pleasing and instructive. Expense. The membership fee is \$5.00. This includes the cost of medical examination. Benefit Cer-tificates are issued for \$1000 or \$2000 as each member for himself may elect. The assessment is 75 cents per month on each \$1000. Each Local Assembly fixes a small mouthly payment for local dues to meet such expense as it may incur.

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The payments each month are the same, and all members pay alike. Assessments are not graded

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